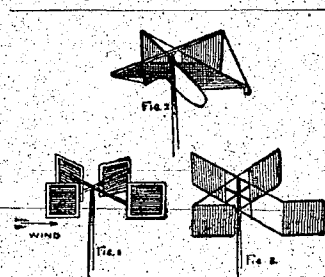


## FARM AND GARDEN

### Home-Made Windmills.

"Before investing in a steel mill, towers and tanks for farm uses," writes a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, "I had studied at length a number of contrivances for harnessing the winds. The weak point of the Go Devil and kindred devices is found in its inability to meet winds from varying points. In most localities much time is lost by waiting for favorable winds. I concluded to adopt the following modification of a child's toy, as combining cheapness and power with extreme simplicity of construction. It is made as follows: A vertical axis of any suitable dimension is provided with four horizontal arms, crossing at right angles, at the ends of which are vertical crossbars for the support of the vanes. Upon these crossbars should be hinged frames covered with canvas or other light material, as in Fig. 1. The corresponding accompaniment, its remarks with descriptive sketches, are added.

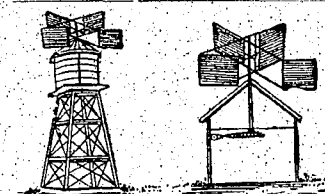
"As the arms are revolved the wind forces each vane in turn against the horizontal arm, until on reaching the farthest point to leeward the wind,



THREE FORMS OF WINDMILLS.

striking the back of the vane, causes it to unfold and swing freely in the wind till it completes a revolution. Two of the four vanes are thus always under wind pressure and two drawing into position.

"The principal expense in a motor of this form is the cost of the canvas, if that material should be used, while if old lumber be substituted it could be constructed perhaps more cheaply than the Go Devil. This is the simplest form of the device and could only be stopped by means of a brake and afterward backing until all the vanes are free from pressure on the arms. It would revolve either way, as it might be started. There are a number of modifications of this motor, varying in the manner of hinging the vanes, as also in adapting it to be thrown out of gear, etc. Fig. 2 shows the same with the vanes swinging directly from the arms, and held against the wind by ropes. This form would revolve only one way, according as the restraining cords are connected and could be thrown out of gear by having the ropes run over pulleys and slackening them as required. In Fig. 3 the vanes swing between parallel arms, being held against the wind pressure by a notched bar or lever, which will in one position



SHAFT THROUGH TANK—THROUGH UPPER FLOOR.

allow the vane to swing through the whole circle, and in another stop the vane on coming into the wind. The size and power of these motors are limited only by the length of arms and axes and the area of the vanes, which will depend, in turn, upon the use to which it is to be put and the pocket-book of the owner.

"The power will be considerable with very little expense, as an arm of 10 feet in length will support a vane of 10 feet square—that is to say, a surface of 100 square feet—to be opposed to the wind. With a fair wind this would be equal to several horsepower. Probably vanes one-fourth that size, 5 by 5 feet, would suffice for ordinary pumping; especially if placed on arms of 10 feet in length.

"The vertical axis must be high enough to reach above wind obstructions, yet in case of the motor being placed on a barn or on a tank with a tower the axis could be considerably reduced. The manner of supporting the axis, as well as the means of transferring its slow rotary motion to machinery, is left to the judgment of the reader in each particular case. For most purposes a large sprocket wheel with the usual linked chain would seem to be most suitable. See figures in the second cut, which illustrates connecting windmill with chain and sprocket.

### Pure Bred Sheep.

"The increase in the use of pure bred rams to grade in the larger clips of wool, not only for the increased demand for mutton and lamb in our markets. To use a grade ram is poor economy when the pure bred can be bought as cheaply as now, and the larger profits in both lambs and wool will soon repay the cost of a really good sire to head the flock. There has been much said and written about the large profit to be made in buying lambs dropped in the fall or early winter and ready to sell in the spring, but unless one has a place well fitted up so that the lambs can be kept warm we doubt if there is much more profit in them than in spring lambs. The extra care and extra feed take no small part of the extra price.

### Special Crops.

One of the objections of the farmer devoting himself to a special crop is that he is likely to have to buy, or more often go without, many things which he

might produce at home at less cost than he buys them, and often he might be better repaid for his labor if he put it into production of such things as he needs to use at home. We think that a farmer should grow his own supply of nearly every variety of garden vegetables and small fruits, and produce his own poultry and eggs, if not his milk and butter. It may seem against the grain to devote as much time to an acre of garden as would do the work on four or five acres of grain, or as much to the care of fifty hens as to three cows, but we work, or most of us have to, for the profit there is in it, and there are few things on the farm that will pay better than a well-cared-for garden and poultry yard.

### Farm Wells.

The location of the well on the farm is of the greatest importance. In many instances the farmer starts his well near the buildings and yards, and selects the lowest point as a location, with the idea that he will not have to dig as deep as he would upon higher land. This is often a mistake, as we know of several places in a village where the wells near the top of the hill are not as deep and are not as much affected by a drought as those on the lower land at the foot of the hill, though there may be fifty or a hundred feet difference in the elevation. But the chief objection to the well on the low ground is that it receives the surface drainage from the higher land, and thus the water soon becomes so contaminated as to be unfit for use, either by the family or the animals, for to be healthy they must have pure water. In these days of driven wells, a pipe can often be sunk on the highest gravel knoll or sand hill on the farm more cheaply than in the low land, and when water is reached it is pure and will continue so, because the surface water runs away from it, and not toward it. If a windmill is erected the wind power is better, and by tank and pipes water can be brought to house, barn and yards, or carried to irrigate the garden and strawberry bed in a way to make it doubly pay for itself, first in saving of daily labor at the pump, and next in increased crops by having a water supply when needed. Many a man who thought he could not afford to put in a new well has paid out more cash for doctor's and undertaker's bills than the well would have cost—American Cultivator.

### Advanced Farming.

Around the stove of many a country store during stormy winter days will be assembled farmers who descend of the hardships of farming, says Columbia Rural World. Oh, that many such might know the weary, monotonous toll of the mechanic and laboring man of the great cities, and the clerk and office man, whose greatest change is from office to home and vice versa. Many farmers who are this prone to bemoan the drudgery of farm life fail to realize how much the century has given to agriculture and to grasp the still sterner truth that success anywhere, everywhere means hard work and much hard work. How many would continue if wheat were now scattered by the hand, cut with a cradle and threshed with a flail? Where would be the wheat fields of California? How many would plant corn with a hoe, and largely cultivate with the same primitive implement? Where would be the forests of corn in Missouri? The farmer who is tussling with the question of making all improved agricultural machinery serve his best interests in order to have time for studying the intricate and complicated problems of his farm operations, rather than bemoaning his lot, is the one whom all his neighbors proclaim as "so lucky." Ponder the "luck" problem and see if it isn't working along the most advanced and progressive lines.

### Milk and Thunder.

From various experiments respecting connection between thunderstorms and the softening of milk Prof. H. W. Conn draws the conclusion that electricity is not of itself capable of souring milk or even of materially hastening the process, nor can the ozone developed during the thunderstorm be looked upon as of any great importance. It seems probable that the connection between the thunderstorm and the souring of milk is of a different character. Bacteria grow most rapidly in the warm, sultry conditions which usually precede a thunderstorm, and it will frequently happen that the thunderstorm and the souring occur together not because the climatic conditions which have brought the storm have at the same time been such as to cause unusually rapid bacteria growth.

### Great Is the American Hen.

The American hen is a great institution. At a rough estimate there are about 350,000,000 of her in the United States and each year they produce something like 14,000,000,000 eggs, which represent \$175,000,000. About \$130,000,000 worth of poultry is eaten in the country during a year, and the value of the living hens, at 30 cents apiece, is figured at \$150,000,000. So the hen stands for about \$455,000,000 in the yearly economies of the United States. The hen outdoes the iron industry, the coal industry, the wheat crop and the corn crop, incidentally sowing more than \$1,000,000 ahead of the total yearly value of the cows of the country and their produce.

### Rye Ground and Potato Scab.

The difficult side of the potato scab question is how to kill the germs that are in the soil. An Ohio man had a piece of land where the potatoes were quite scabby, so he sowed rye on it and let it grow to about the height of eighteen inches, then plowed it under, and as the result of that experiment he said he never saw a clearer crop of potatoes. For ten years he has practiced rye sowing there.—Professor Butz, Pennsylvania.

### Keep Up with the Progression.

In the chicken business, as in every other, the knowledge of yesterday is not sufficient for today, says Poultry Success. With the new day come new ideas, new experiments, new lessons. We are constantly learning something, and the man who reaches a point where he is sure he knows it all that he ceases making any attempt to learn becomes a back number in just about twenty-four hours.

## HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

### BIG RANSOM PAID A MEXICAN BRIGAND.

He Had Stolen the Tutor of a Rich Man's Children and the Sweetheart of His Son—A Romance of the Mountains.

From the mountains of Mexico comes a story that reads more like a romance of medieval times than a narration of occurrences in modern life. Indeed it hardly seems possible that even in Mexico such an event could occur. One hundred and twenty pounds of gold and alongside it 120 pounds of girl! The gold ransomed the girl and the son of the man who paid the ransom now is the husband of the girl.

Among the last lingering bandits of Mexico Luigi Cortina still holds place, his abode, if it may be so called, being the mountains of Western Chihuahua, whereofshoots off the Sierra Madres cut away from the main range by the Gulf of California afford him a hiding place. The rufians have not yet found him, nor is it likely they will, for Cortina has just retired from business with the proceeds of his new venture, estimated at \$40,000. It is an ideal bandit story.

Senor Poyelima, grown rich by his mines, realized, when no longer young, that his children's education was neglected. His friend, La Frenca, suggested that he send for the tutor of his children. Lorena lived in Texas. She was sent for and came quickly. She became more than a tutor to the children. "The son saw in her much to admire. They became lovers. Frequently they rode out together into the mountains.

It was on one of these joyous, free rides that the shadow of Cortina fell upon them. It happened that Miss Jarrett and young Poyelima were riding along in the foot hills, drinking in the scenery and stimulated by the wine-like atmosphere of autumn, when two men stepped



MISS LORENA JARRETT.

### BRIGANDS ORDERED THEM TO DISMOUNT.

ped from the wood, and pointing their rifles at them, ordered them to dismount.

Of course they complied. In fact resistance was impossible, and they offered none. The bandits tied the hands of their captives behind them and ordered them to move on. The orders were not delivered in most choice language, but there was no misunderstanding them. "Get horses and ride down by the cañon," and so they slowly descended the steep, narrow trail in the hills.

At last they reached a spot that seemed to suit the views of their captors. The camping was brief and simple. They were ordered to sit down on the ground. They complied.

The captors then went to playing cards, not for amusement, but to divide the spoils. The winner was to have the girl, the muchacha, and the loser must content himself with the boy. It became evident before they had played very many minutes that neither of their captives was to be taken. They were both too good for them.

"While the game was still in progress, and much cursing as luck seemed to vibrate from one side to another and then back a fall, typical Mexican strolled into the recess and looked on. He seemed oblivious to the presence of the two captives, but very much interested in the game. But seeing no stakes, which in Mexico are always kept in sight, he inquired what the game was for.

When the two players had replied the tall Mexican with the mustache strode over to where the two captives were crouched, and asked them who they were. The very instant young Poyelima had made known his identity he remarked: "I am Cortina."

His name was sufficient. Young Poyelima practically felt his doom sealed. But Cortina continued: "I know your father well. We were multitudes together in the old days before he grew rich, and he knows me. He knows my word is perfectly good, and you need have no fear if you will follow my directions. Come with me!" He took the young man aside, and then told him his plans. They were simple and brief.

There was an agreement as to a place and time for meeting, and young Poyelima rode away with his own horse, leaving Miss Jarrett to wonder what fate had in store for her.

Young Poyelima lost no time in hurrying home. He speedily acquainted his father with the facts. Ordering the pack animals to the front of the hacienda, he loaded two of them with sacks of gold, partly in bars and partly in coin, and the son-leading the way, the party set out to the hills to keep Cortina's appointment. Reaching there, they found that a scale had been made by balancing a pole over the bough of a tree, and at one end a hoop of leather chong showed where the young woman, who was to be the weight, should sit. At the other an open-mouthed sack hung ready to receive Poyelima's gold.

Miss Jarrett was brought from the woods and placed in the sack. She almost fainted with fear, for she knew nothing of the strange ceremony in which she was taking part, although the presence of the Poyelimas, father and son, reassured her. But she realized her position when the peons began pouring the gold into the sack.

Just as the pole tipped Cortina stepped forward. "No! another peso," he called out, "gratuitously." "I said her weight in gold, and that is enough."

Then she was given into the care of Poyelima, while Cortina, with many flourishes and bows and adios, followed his men back into the woods.

There was a wedding soon after, as might be expected. Mrs. Poyelima lives with her young husband at the marble quarry in Texas, just across the line, and tells the story only when the neighbors press her to. But the Mexicans call her "La esposa del oro"—the wife of gold.

### THOSE TERRIBLE EYES.

Senator Cass Could Annihilate a Man with a Look.

Giant heads, bodies and brains were Webster and Cass. All the strength of New Hampshire granite was concentrated in those two sons. To look upon them made the ordinary man feel

## EARNINGS AND PRICES

### COMPARATIVE WAGES IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The Rate of Compensation in the United States Has Increased, While the Average Cost of Living Is Lower than It Was Ten Years Ago.

An examination of the general drift of wages and prices during the past ten years should prove interesting to the free trader who is again concerned over the income and expenses of the masses. We take all the figures given below from the American Agriculturist Year Book for 1901. First, as regards the comparative wages in different countries, the average daily wages paid laborers in 1900 were as follows:

United States	\$1.85
Austria	1.00
Canada and Province	1.10
Brazil and Chili	.80
Great Britain and Ireland	.75
France and Central Europe	.65
German Empire	.55
Austro-Hungary	.40
Asia Minor	.35
Spain and Portugal	.35
Turkey in Europe	.35
Armenia and Persia	.35
Italy and Malta	.25
Morocco and Tunis	.25
Chinese Empire	.20
Japanese Empire	.15

In April, 1900, there was compiled for the information of the House of Representatives, from reports furnished by labor unions, a tabulated statement showing the increase in wages by percentages, in 59 trades, from 1890 to 1899. These increases run from 3 to 50 per cent, averaging somewhat over 20 per cent. The report shows that in every industry wages were increased between 1890 and 1899, while in 20 they were increased in each of the three years, 1897, 1898 and 1899, and in 33 they were increased in both of the two years, 1898 and 1899. The report proves an unquestionably substantial increase in all wages from the reductions made necessary during the free trade period from 1894 to 1897.

Now, as to the comparison of present wages with the last protection period, 1890-2. Using 100 as a basis the rate is as follows: 1891, 100.00; 1892, 100.30; 1893, 101.54; 1900, 103.43.

Thus, three facts are established: We are getting the highest wages in the world; we are not only getting much better wages than from 1894 to 1897, but even higher wages than from 1890 to 1892. And it might be added that more people are getting these wages than ever before in the history of our country.

But, we are told, the poor farmers and the poor mechanic have to pay so much more for what they buy. Well, here are the figures given for the prices of commodities in January, 1890, and July, 1899:

Commodities	1890	1899
Fuel	92.2	83.9
Clothing	101.9	84.5
Fuel and lighting	90	89.8
Metals and implements	106.8	107.9
Lumber and building material	104.1	99.0
Dress and chemicals	104.5	92.0
House furnishing goods	100	92.1
Miscellaneous	101.1	95.1
All	102	92.0

With one exception everything is cheaper, while the whole cost of living is about 10 per cent less than ten years ago. This is an old-time protection argument exemplified and sustained.

More people at work.  
More money for work.  
More purchases for money.  
Protection wants no better defense; protectionists want no better argument.—American Economist.

### Not Dependent Upon the Tariff.

The combination of the steel-producing interests on so grand a scale will be denounced by those who see all sorts of evil in extensive combinations of capital. What will be the result remains to be seen. If it is harmful to the consumer the fact will be discovered and some remedy devised. The Carnegie companies can manufacture steel and the products in their line cheaper than any competitor in the world. All the energies of the companies have been devoted to increasing and cheapening production. The tariff has been of no consequence to Carnegie for some time, because he was able to make the world's prices. The duties on steel and steel-goods stand now about the same as they stood in the Democratic tariff of 1894. At that time Mr. Carnegie declared that the duties were ample. There is no law that could prevent the combination, nor has any one proposed one except in a stump speech. The combinations of which this seems the culmination have been going on for years. Many will denounce it because it is their vocation, but the country at large will watch the movements of this great combination with more than ordinary interest.—Indianaapolis Journal.

### Not Desirable.

Tinkering with the tariff is not desirable, whether done under the guise of reciprocity treaties that cut down protection, or otherwise.—Louisville Commercial.

### If Certainly Succeeds.

Secure the home market first, then go after the foreign market. That is the Republican policy. Does it succeed or fail?—Spokane Chronicle.

### The Sculptor and His Work.



## MICHIGAN SOLONS.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON FOR MARCH 24.

Jesus Crucified and Buried. Luke 23: 35-43. Memory verses, 46, 47. Golden Text—Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.—1 Cor. 15: 3.

After the Jews had refused to have Jesus liberated, and demanded Barabbas instead, Pilate still hesitated. He thought perhaps the mob might be placated by a show of brutality toward the prisoner, and ordered scourging. The Roman soldiers, taking their cue from the governor, looked him as a king, with the crown of thorns and the purple robe. Then, according to John's account, pot paralleled in the synoptics, Pilate made several more attempts to save Jesus from death. See John 19: 4-16. The Roman was persistent in his confidence that Jesus was an innocent man, and assured the Jews that he would have prevailed had not the Jews finally used their strongest argument—"If thou release this man, thou art not Caesar's friend." Pilate did not care what the Jews thought of him so long as they kept it to themselves. But he learned the effect of a Jewish demand to release a prisoner, and Pilate asked once more if he should be crucified. The answering howl that went up from the crowd was the verdict. Jesus was given over to the priests to execute their will upon him, a detachment of Roman soldiers, perhaps paying to attend to the details of the crucifixion and keep order.

The site of the crucifixion was in all probability not the traditional site within the walls, where the church of the Holy Sepulcher stands, but the skull-like hill or knoll of outcropping rock a short distance northwest of the city. This site, accepted by most recent writers as the more probable of the two, but the question cannot be regarded as settled.

Reaching Golgotha (commonly called Calvary, the Latin equivalent of the word, preparations were made for the crucifixion. The details of the crucifixion, familiar to most of us. In one respect the common impression, produced by pictures of the crucifixion, is incorrect. Instead of the victim being raised high above the earth on a cross ten, twelve, fifteen feet high, the cross was usually just high enough to enable the victim to clear the ground—seven or eight feet. In one way this adds to the horror of the scene as we imagine it. The suffering Lord hung easily within the reach of his tormentors and mockers as they gathered about him in his great agony; and his friends, who stood at a distance, watching the scene, could see only the bowed head and the desolate face above it, over the heads of the soldiers and priests and the rabble that stood exulting in the sufferings of their victim.

None of us can possibly conceive the utter shame and disgrace that this form of death conveyed to crucifixion. For us the cross bears a halo of glory; it is the symbol of heroic death, of the noblest martyr of all ages, of the atonement.

### Explanatory.

"And the people stood beholding." What a sermon might be preached from that text. How the character of the spectators would show itself in their faces and their words. The great pictures of the crucifixion seem adequate here, in the depiction of the bystanders. Types of all mankind must have looked upon that scene. It must be that of the vast crowd who stood there, many afterward became disciples of the risen Christ, knowing nothing of him save the awful majesty of his living body.

The threefold title written over the cross was the work of Pilate, who insisted upon the wording of it in spite of the angry protests of the priests. In grim sarcasm, or in belated and futile justice to the "king" who knows which—he let the sentence stand.

The prayer of the penitent thief must be interpreted in the light of the circumstances. Assuming that he knew nothing of Jesus' previous history, the words must have meant something like "This God teacher come from God, we are both dying, but there must be something beyond, and since I am dying, my kingdom must be somewhere beyond.

When you set it up and begin to rule, remember me in mercy. Nothing much clearer or more "orthodox" than this is likely to have been in the poor wretch's mind. But even that prayer showed the three essentials of salvation: repentance, a turning from sin, and a living hope of faith—a confidence in the power and love of the Lord; and surrender, which is the other half of faith.

"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," in a happy realm beyond death. We cannot undertake to consider in connection with this lesson the question of the future life, particularly the "State that immediately follows death." But it is a state of full and perfect spiritual activity, or, as some think, a time when the soul, still without a "resurrection body," is only partially equipped. Whatever the sum total of scriptural teaching on this point may be, it is likely that Jesus meant by it a Paradise substantially what the Jews of his time meant by it, and what the thief could understand by it. Among the many variant opinions as to the locality of Paradise, whether in the underworld of the dead (Sheol, Hades), in some distant part of the earth, or in heaven, the dominant idea is the same: to share the great and happiness in a new and better Eden.

In this simple promise we may not find any very certain datum for dogmatic theology concerning the future, owing to the very ambiguity of the word in Jewish usage. But there are two phrases in the promise that give rich comfort to every dying saint, irrespective of minor questions about Paradise: "To-day" and "with me." In them, after all, lies our hope. If we cannot be absolutely certain from the New Testament at just what point the resurrection will come, we may be certain that immediately after death, or without any conscious interval, we shall have the vision and the abiding presence of Christ.

After six hours of agony Jesus gave up his life, crying "It is finished." The convulsions of nature that seem to sympathize with the tremendous crisis of history are rejected by some doubters. Spurious, folly—that one should be able to believe in the atoning death of the Son of God and yet admit the possibility of his dying in darkness and earthquake. The veritable thing would be that in such an hour sign of the universal stress and strain should break through the thin veil that hides the natural from the spiritual world.

The burial, in all its details, was meant to bear witness to the fact of the death. It really, though unconsciously bore witness also to their utter lack of faith in his repeated promises of resurrection, which were now all forgotten.

### Next Lesson—Review.



# The Avalanche.

G. PALMER, Editor & Proprietor

THURSDAY, MAR. 21, 1901.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

## Republican Ticket.

### STATE TICKET.

For Justice of the Supreme Court:  
RONNIE M. MONTGOMERY.  
For Regents of the University:  
FRANK W. FLETCHER.  
HENRY W. CAREY.

### COUNTY TICKET.

For Commissioner of Schools:  
HENRIETTA COVENTRY.

The nation mourns the death of the statesman, patriot and soldier, ex-president Harrison. In his life he was a leader of men, and by his greatness helped to mould the destinies of the nation, with the few whose names will be written by future historians in the higher lists. Our first page will call to the mind of our readers some of the salient points of his life work.

Ex-Congressman Mark S. Brewer, whose name is familiar to almost every citizen of Michigan, died at his Washington home last Monday, and will be buried at Pontiac, tomorrow. A leading member of the bar of this state, a leader in the state senate and a power for four terms in Congress, and at his death a member of the civil service commission, he will long be remembered as an honor to the state and nation.

Congress has adjourned and left in the hands of the President the entire control of "insular affairs" which includes both Cuba and the Philippines. Of course the opposition is boiling over with manufactured indignation over the dictatorial powers "assumed by the President," but that is all their policy is able to attempt. They have offered no better course and propose to remain where they have no responsibility to assume, policy to formulate, nothing to do but to find fault. They know very well that the President urged Congress to settle these problems itself and not leave them for him to settle, and that if he is an autocrat he is a most unwilling one.

All the talk of what action this government will take on account of the rejection by Great Britain of the amended Hay-Pauncefote treaty is speculation and guess work. It is an open question, and likely to remain such for some time, as Pres. McKinley never takes an important step, and the next move of this government will necessarily be an important one, until it has been carefully considered and he has had the advice of every man competent to advise whose advice is available; that is why no important mistake has been made by his administration in dealing with numerous foreign complications. The vote by which the Senate amended the Hay-Pauncefote treaty shows the strong sentiment of that body in favor of the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and that fact will not be overlooked by Pres. McKinley when it comes to deciding what the next move of this government shall be. It is as certain as anything not yet done can be that that there will be an Isthmian Canal and that it will be controlled by this government. The problem before the administration is how can that result be best reached.

Whenever the British War Office wants supplies in post haste and finds that imperial purveyors and manufacturers cannot supply its needs in a hurry it turns to the Yankee for relief. King Edward's troops in South Africa called for three thousand axes to rough hew the future of the veldt, and required them at the earliest possible moment. British axe makers hemmed and hawed. Yes, they could furnish the axes; give them time enough. It was the story of Achan's span, the Uganda bridges, over again. Up rose brother Jonathan and told John Bull that he should have those axes just as soon as he could use them; and the Yankee got the contract. The axes will be in the transvaal on the day appointed and no later. An American electric plant is to be set up soon in Mysore, India. The nations of the world must march to the double quick if they hope to keep pace with Uncle Sam. —New York Tribune.

Prince Kropotkin, a Russian of the royal blood, who was exiled from his country 25 years ago, is in Boston again and will deliver a course of lectures on Russian literature, politics, and history, before the Lowell Institute. He defines his socialistic views thus: "I am an anarchist-socialist, and believe, not in the concentration of power, but in absolute home rule for towns and villages. I do not be-

lieve that mankind has gone backward in the last 500 years. There has been a tremendous gain in production, but science and not the state has made all this possible. I do not believe in prisons. I believe to the fullest extent in personal liberty. The Russian prison system spoils society, instead of reforming and improving it. I do not believe in state education. Education should be thrown upon the local government instead of the central government. Prince Kropotkin was arrested originally for preaching socialism. He was thrown into a dungeon in Fort Schlüsselberg, about 60 miles from St. Petersburg, and after two and one-half years of confinement succeeded in making his escape to London. His comrades were kept in prison four years before their trial, and then they were sent to Siberia. Some died and several are now in London.

**Great Cough Medicine for Children**  
"I have no hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says J. P. Moran, a well known and popular baker of Petersburg, Va. "We have given it to our children when troubled with bad coughs, also whooping cough, and it has always given perfect satisfaction. It is recommended to me by a druggist as the best cough medicine for children, as it contained no opium or harmful drug." Sold by L. Fournier.

The taxing of vessel property is just now holding the attention of the Wisconsin legislature and that body is seeking to obtain an understanding with the legislature of this state and of Minnesota, looking to the adoption of a more uniform system in this respect. The Wisconsin and Minnesota legislatures have already appointed committees which will confer and endeavor to arrange such a system and the Michigan legislature will be asked to appoint a similar committee to take up the matter with those of the two other states. There is good reason why the legislature should cooperate with those of Wisconsin and Minnesota. All three states have harbors on the chain of lakes and a uniform system of taxing their vessel property would seem to be desirable. If this class of property is not bearing its fair share of state taxation it should be made to do so, or if a uniform system a more equitable arrangement than at present it should be adopted. At any rate it will do no harm to have a joint consideration of the matter and the discussion can scarcely fail to be profitable. —Grand Rapids Herald.

**Remarkable Cures of Rheumatism.**  
From the Vindicator, Rutherfordton, N. C. The editor of the Vindicator had occasion to test the efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm: twice with the most remarkable results in each case. First with rheumatism in the shoulder, from which he suffered excruciating pain for ten days, which was relieved with two applications of Pain Balm, rubbing the parts affected and realizing instant benefit and entire relief in a very short time. Second in rheumatism in his thigh joint, almost prostrating him with severe pain, which was relieved by two applications, rubbing with the liniment on, retiring at night, and getting up free from pain. For sale by L. Fournier.

Even the world's only Queen regent is threatened by the anarchists. A plot against the life of Holm's Wilhelmina has been discovered. The anarchist's hand is against every royal, monarchical or republican man or woman. Occasionally an anarchist fails, as several of them did in case of William II's grandfather. Sometimes one of these weakens at the critical point and takes his own life instead, as the person did the other day who was selected to kill Victor Emmanuel III. Crown-wearers have their troubles, but they have certain compensations which promise to prevent the guild from becoming extinct.

The final and successful organization of that industrial colossus, the United States steel corporation, which was officially announced in New York one week ago, has produced something like a panic among the newspapers and ironmongers of Great Britain. It substantially amounts to consolidating, under a capitalization of over a billion dollars, and under one management, the whole industrial energies of the United States and the whole vast resources of this continent, so far as they are applicable to the production, distribution and delivery, anywhere on earth, of iron and steel. This climactic achievement may well appal Europe and especially Great Britain, for not in Great Britain itself nor in the whole continent can anything approaching it in capital, in skill, in energy, or in natural resources be possible. If before this gigantic combination was brought about our iron and steel products had already successfully entered into competition with those of Europe in their own domestic markets, what hope have the latter now of withstanding the new colossus? Even should the European governments resort to the most drastic tariff protection, as some of them threaten, such means can only result in locking up their

trade within their own borders and shutting them out of all foreign trade to which American products can find access.

Under the impression that Com. Evans is to retire from the head of the Pension Bureau, Col. John Palmer, ex-commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. and ex-Secretary of State of New York, is being urged for Commissioner of Pensions. Senator Dewey and Representative Southwick this week saw the President in behalf of Col. Palmer. The President did not intimate to them whether Commissioner Evans would retire or not.

Headache often results from a disordered condition of the stomach and constipation of the bowels. A dose or two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will correct these disorders and cure the headache. Sold by L. Fournier.

Senator Platt, of Conn., author of the amendment to the Army appropriation bill specifying the conditions that must be complied with before American authority is withdrawn from Cuba, agrees with the administration in believing that the Cubans will accept these conditions. Speaking on the subject he said: "I feel sure the Cubans will accept our propositions. The Cubans will see in the end that the amendments are as much in their interests as they are in the interests of the United States. There may be at the start a little offended dignity growing out of misapprehension of our purposes and aims. But I have no doubt that the Cubans will ultimately see the sincerity of purpose which has actuated us in framing those amendments, alike in their interest and the interest of this country."

Mrs. C. E. VanDusen, of Kilbourn, Wis., was afflicted with stomach trouble and constipation for a long time. She says: "I have tried many preparations, but none have done me the good that Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets have." These Tablets are for sale at Fournier's drug store. Price 25c. Samples free.

A special from Washington to the Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "The treasury department has become satisfied that bubonic plague exists to an alarming extent in San Francisco, and that stringent measures must be taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The state authorities in California have maintained heretofore that the disease has not appeared there at all, but they have been at last forced to admit that the Washington officials are right."

**An Honest Medicine for La Grippe**  
George W. Walcott, of South Gardiner, Me., says: "I have had the worst cough, cold, croup and grip and have taken lots of trash of no account, but profit to the vendor. Chamberlain's cough remedy is the only thing that has done 'any good whatever.' I have used one bottle of it and the cold and grip have all left me. I congratulate the manufacturers of an honest medicine." For sale by L. Fournier.

### Local Items.

Mr. Joseph Douglas spent a few days in Grayling last week.

Mr. James Husted visited Grayling and West Branch while the stove mill was shut down.

Mrs. Louis Davis spent Sunday in Grayling as the guest of Mrs. T. E. Douglas.

Mrs. Robert Dyer, and Eveleen, returned to Grayling Saturday. She spent a pleasant week at the home of Mrs. J. Day.

Mr. Wm. Feldhauser visited the boys over in the swamp a few days ago.

Mr. Dave Alexander moved his household goods from West Branch. They are house-keeping now.

Miss Edith Carrier is visiting at her old home in Springport.

Mr. Floyd Carrier was called home to Springport to his father's bedside. We hope to soon hear that he is better.

The passenger train failed to go through to Lewiston on Thursday last. Jumbo had to come up to plough a way through, and we expect to see him again before long as the snow is still coming.

Mr. Clyde Quick spent St. Patrick's day in Grayling. Whose button does he wear?

Messrs. Bauman and Douglas, of Grayling, were up to the stove mill on the 8th.

OSERVER.

**Night was Hor-Torror.**  
"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but when all other medicines failed three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me, and I gained 65 pounds." It is absolutely guaranteed to cure coughs, colds, La Grippe, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at L. Fournier's drug store.

## Administratrix's Sale.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.

County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of DANIEL McCALLUM, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance and by virtue of an order granted to the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Daniel McCallum, by the Hon. John C. Hanson, Judge of Probate in and for said county, that on and after the 18th day of April A. D. 1901, I will receive proposals to sell, at private sale all the right, title and interest of myself (widow) and Ellen J. McCallum and Bertha D. McCallum, minor heirs of Daniel McCallum, in and to the following described lands and premises, situated in the township of Frederic, and county of Crawford, state of Michigan, to wit: The NW 1/4 of the NE 1/4 of Section 27, Town 28, Range 4 W., the SW 1/4 of the NE 1/4, Section 27, Town 28, Range 4 W., and the SE 1/4 of the SE 1/4, Section 4, Town 27, Range 4 W., or so much thereof as will be sufficient to pay the claims against the estate.

ELLEN J. HAMILTON,  
Administratrix,  
Frederic, Mich.

## Election Notice.

Office of the Sheriff of Crawford Co., Michigan.

To the Electors of the County of Crawford:

You are hereby notified that at the General Election to be held in this State on the first Monday of April, 1901 the following officers are to be elected, viz:

One Justice of the Supreme Court, in place of Robert M. Montgomery, whose term of office will expire Dec. 31st, 1901; also two Regents of the University, in place of Frank W. Fletcher and Herman Klefer, whose terms of office will expire Dec. 31st, 1901.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, on the day and date before written.

Dated Grayling, Mich., Feb. 14th, 1901.

GEO. F. OWEN,  
Sheriff of Crawford County.

## Election Notice.

Michigan Department of State.

LANSING, February 1st, 1901.

To the Sheriff of the County of Crawford:

Sir:—You are hereby notified that at the election to be held on the first Monday of April, 1901, in the State of Michigan, the following state officers are to be elected, viz:

One Justice of the Supreme Court in the place of Robert Montgomery, whose term of office will expire Dec. 31st, 1901; also two regents of the University in place of Frank W. Fletcher and Herman Klefer, whose terms of office will expire December 31st, 1901.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Great Seal of the State of Michigan, at Lansing this first day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the Independence of America the one hundred and twenty-fifth.

FRED M. WARNER,  
Secretary of State.

## Election Notice.

Michigan Department of State.

LANSING, March 11th, 1901.

To the Sheriff of the County of Crawford:

Sir:—You are hereby notified that at the General Election to be held in this State, on the first Monday of April next, there will be submitted to the people the following proposition to amend the constitution of this state:

An amendment to Section Six of Article six of the constitution of the state of Michigan, relative to Circuit Courts.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Great Seal of the State of Michigan, this 11th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the Independence of America the one hundred and twenty-fifth.

FRED M. WARNER,  
Secretary of State.

## Election Notice.

Michigan Department of State.

LANSING, March 16, 1901.

To the Sheriff of Crawford County.

Sir:—You are hereby notified that at the General Election to be held in the State on the first Monday of April next, there will be submitted to the people the following proposed amendment to the constitution of this state:

An amendment to Section Fifteen of Article Four of the Constitution of the State of Michigan, relative to the compensation of members of the Legislature.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Great Seal of the State of Michigan, at Lansing, this 16th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the Independence of America the one hundred and twenty-fifth.

C. S. PIERCE,  
Deputy Sec'y of State.

## Cheap Impresario.

Many a man has been insured against Bright's disease, diabetes or other dangerous ailment by a fifty cent bottle of Foley's Kidney Cure. L. Fournier.

# WE BUY THE FARMERS

Grain,  
Potatoes

\*And other\*

Farm  
Products

\*FOR\*

Cash or Trade

WE SELL

Extra Good Groceries

—AND—

Dry Goods and Hardware

—AT—

Reasonable Prices.

—BUY OUR—

Staley's Underwear

—AND—

Garland Stoves.

Salling, Hanson &

Company,

Grayling, - Michigan

# GREAT Reduction Sale!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire stock of Men's Boys' and Children's Overcoats at a very large reduction, for cash only. Also our new line of Glassware, Opalware and Tinware.

Don't miss this opportunity! It means a great saving if you buy at this sale.

**R. MEYERS,**  
The leading Dry Goods and Clothing House,  
The Corner Store,  
GRAYLING, Mich.

## POPULAR PUBLICATIONS—POPULAR PRICES

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE	Regular Price	With Weekly Tribune	With Weekly Tribune and Sunday Edition
	One Year	One Year	One Year
North American Review, New York City	\$5.00	\$5.00	\$5.00
Harper's Magazine, New York City	4.00	4.00	4.00
Harper's Bazar, New York City	4.00	4.00	4.00
Harper's Weekly, New York City	4.00	4.00	4.00
Century Magazine, New York City	4.00	4.00	4.00
St. Nicholas Magazine, New York City	3.00	3.00	3.00
Frank Leslie's Monthly, New York City	1.00	1.25	1.50
Success, New York City	1.00	1.25	1.50
Ledger Monthly, New York City	1.00	1.25	1.50
Public, New York City	1.00	1.25	1.50
Judge, New York City	1.00	1.25	1.50
Review of Reviews, New York City	1.00	1.25	1.50
Scribner's Magazine, New York City	3.00	3.00	3.00
Rural New Yorker, New York City	1.00	1.25	1.50
Country Gentleman, Albany, N. Y.	2.00	2.00	2.00
Farmer's Journal, Philadelphia, Penn.	1.00	1.00	1.00
Apprentice's Magazine, Philadelphia, Penn.	3.00	3.00	3.00
Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.	1.75	2.25	2.50
New England Homestead, Springfield, Mass.	1.00	1.25	1.50
Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass.	1.00	1.00	1.00
Home and Garden, Springfield, Mass.	1.00	1.00	1.00
Orange-Judd Farmer, Chicago, Ill.	1.00	1.25	1.50
Farmer and Stockman, Springfield, Mass.	1.00	1.25	1.50
Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio	.60	.60	.60
Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich.	.60	.60	.60
Farmer and Stockman, Chicago, Ill.	.60	.60	.60
Farmer, New York City	.50	.50	.50
Farmer and Stockman, New York City	.50	.50	.50
Farmer, St. Paul, Minn.	.50	.50	.50
Kellogg's Almanac, 1901	1.00	1.00	1.00



## NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.

County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of Helen May Barker, a minor.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, guardian of said minor, Helen May Barker, by the Honorable John C. Hanson, Judge of Probate of the county of Crawford, of the State of Michigan, on the 18th day of April, 1901, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the front door of Salling, Hanson & Co's store, in the village of Grayling, in said county and state, on Saturday, the 11th day of May, A. D. 1901, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day (subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the death of Frederic L. Barker, father of said minor) the following described real estate, to wit: The Northeast quarter of the Northwest quarter, the South half of the Northwest quarter of section one, and the Southwest quarter of section one, and the Southeast quarter of the Northeast quarter and the Northeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of section two, all in township twenty-seven North of Range Four West.

The Southeast quarter of the Southwest quarter and the South half of the Southeast quarter of section twenty-six, the South half of the Northwest quarter (excepting such portions thereof as were sold and conveyed prior to the death of said Frederic L. Barker), the Northwest quarter of the Southwest quarter, and the East half of the Southeast quarter of section thirty-five and the North half of the Southeast quarter of section thirty-four, all in township twenty-eight North of Range four West.

Lots Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Eleven and Twelve of Block D, Lots One, Two, Three, Four, Five, and Six of Block I, Lot Five of Block C, and Lots Y and Z, all of the village of Frederic, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Also a piece or parcel of land bounded by and included within a line commencing on the west boundary line of the right of way of the Ward railway, so called, seven hundred and thirty-three feet north of the south line of the Southwest quarter of the Northeast quarter of section thirty-five, in Township twenty-eight North of Range four West and running thence west eighty-four feet parallel with said south boundary line and running thence north parallel with the west boundary line of said Southwest quarter of section thirty-five, to the north boundary line of said Southwest quarter of the Northeast quarter and running thence east along said north boundary line to said west boundary line of Ward's railway, so called, and thence south along said west boundary line of Ward's railway to the place of beginning. All being in Crawford county, Michigan.

Dated March 18th, 1901.

C. B. SEYMOUR, Guardian.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER,  
Att'y for said Guardian.

mar21-7w

## THIS PAPER

is on file in Philadelphia

at the office of J. W. AVER & SON, 100 N. 2nd St., Phila.

J. W. AVER & SON, auths. & agents.

## TO OUR READERS.

Here is the Greatest Bargain We

Have Ever Offered you.

The Crawford Avalanche.

—AND—

The Twice-a-Week Detroit

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BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR

And the Free Press Year Book and

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FOR ONLY \$1.50.

The "Twice-a-Week Free Press" is

conceded by all to be Michigan's

leading newspaper.

Remember that by taking advantage

of this combination you get 52

copies of the "Crawford Avalanche"

and 104 copies of the Free Press, and

the Free Press Year Book for 1901,

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The Free Press Year Book and

Encyclopedia for 1901

Over 500 pages with good paper

binding. It will contain a correct,

concise and complete report of the

Events of 1900. As a book of reference

it has no equal. There will not be

a useless page in it. A practical

educator and hand book of Encyclo-

pædic information on subjects stat-







## GREAT RAIL RECORDS MADE.

Fast Runs on the Steel Highway, Here and Abroad, but America Is in the Lead.

SINCE the invention of the railway locomotive, since the day when the first train went shrieking over the iron rails to the intense consternation of the natives there has always existed the greatest popular fascination in fast runs. Time and again records have been made only to be smashed until it would be difficult to pick out a run and make the unconditional statement that it was the greatest run ever made by a railroad train. A disagreement sometimes arises even as to what is a railroad train, for some great examples of speed are to credit locomotives to which were attached single coaches, and some authorities do not admit that such combinations are trains. Americans and Englishmen have always been and probably always will be the leaders of the world in all matters pertaining to railways and the speed of trains. Between the two countries there has always existed a race of speed, and the speed accomplishments of their respective locomotives, and the rivalry will likely continue as long as it is possible to make improvements of any character. Perhaps Americans as a whole give the subject greater attention than do the British, for we seem to be interested in all things of the superlative degree much more deeply than our cousins. Every now and then friendly rivalry sometimes, however, it is not extremely friendly—breaks out between the various great railways of the country, and every time there is a contest one great record or more is completely smashed.

Northwestern roads over their routes between Chicago and Omaha. The distance between the two cities is 500 miles in round numbers. The Northwestern route is 480 miles long, while the Burlington is 500.2 miles. The Northwestern train was due to leave Chicago at 10 o'clock at night and to arrive in Omaha the next morning at 8:15. The Burlington left at 9:30 in the morning and arrived in the Nebraska city at 7:55 the next morning. Thus the two trains ran practically the same rate of speed.

**Very Close Competition.** The Burlington train had a little over ten miles more to the Northwestern to run, and she used ten minutes more than the latter to make Omaha, so it would be splitting hairs to say that the Burlington was the fastest train. In the contests which took place the trains of both roads did such remarkable work that the government mail contract, for which they were contracted, was divided between the two lines. It is said that no trains on earth ever made such remarkable runs daily and kept up the pace as these trains. These runs of about fifty miles an hour are made without making any allowance whatever for stoppages, slow down, and delays of any kind. This means that the trains necessarily attain a speed in some parts of the routes of eighty or ninety, or perhaps even a hundred miles an hour. Some have made the claim that the trains occasionally reached a speed of 120 miles per hour. Less than three years ago another great run was made which attracted

much of the train had hurled the wheel down the track as if it were a loggy wheel. For some time the wheel had remained on edge like a boy's hoop. It hopped over to a side track and then gradually veered to the outer edge, where it crossed the outside rail and ran off into a field, where it soon went down in the soft earth. This accident, of course, caused a most serious delay. The railroad officials telegraphed to Rock Island for another engine, but it did not arrive for over an hour. Finally, however, the relief locomotive came and the train was a few seconds afterward speeding on its way. Nearly all of the rest of the way to Denver the train was pushed to record-breaking time. It arrived at the Denver station the next afternoon, after making the run in 13 hours, 22 minutes and 40 seconds, or at an average speed of 37.5 miles an hour.

**Break for Mail Connection.** In November, 1897, a very remarkable run was made between Cheyenne and Omaha, over the Union Pacific railroad. It is still maintained by many that this was the fastest long-distance run ever made, for the running time was not properly reduced to the correct figure by deducting time for stops. The distance between the two cities is 510 miles and the mail train on Nov. 29 made the distance in 520 minutes, including stops as was stated. This run was not made in any vain glorious desire to smash records, but for the purpose of avoiding a heavy government fine which would have been imposed if the train had missed connections for the East at Omaha. When the discovery was made at Cheyenne that unless an extraordinary run was made the mail connection would be missed the two mail cars were cut loose from the rest of the train and started with the engine and tender alone on the fast trip. Six stops of from three to five minutes were made for coal and water, and the train had to be slowed down for ten minutes in passing through South Omaha and the yards of Omaha. So there can be no doubt that this was one of the swiftest runs ever made on rails. In April, 1899, a remarkable run was made by a train on the Burlington road, between Creston, Iowa, and Omaha. When the train arrived at the former town it was an hour and six minutes late. When the train arrived at Omaha it was only 29 minutes late, having covered the intervening distance of 104 miles in 113 minutes, or deducting stops, in the actual running time of 103 minutes. The Burlington considers this section between these two cities its poorest division for making fast time, on account of hills and curves, so all things considered, the burst of speed made on April 5, 1899, was most remarkable.

**Was Too Literal by Far.** Colonel Pew tells a story of the Tenth regular infantry that is pretty good. One night in Cuba one of the sentries was a raw recruit from the green isle and the officer of the day, on his rounds, was challenged by him. "Who goes there?" "Officer of the day." "Not a move on the part of the sentry and the officer of the day stepped forward and again was greeted by "Who goes there?" When the sentry replied in the same way. "Not a move on the part of the sentry, but the officer of the day heard an ominous click. "What are your orders, anyway?" he asked. "Challenge three times, then fire," was the laconic and self-satisfied answer, and the officer of the day's hat was raised on his hair as he realized how near he was to being peppered by the sentry. The latter was given a few instructions before he went on sentry duty again.

**Spanish Titles for Sale.** An agent in Paris is sending out a circular marked "confidential" to rich but untitled people in Europe offering to sell them titles of Spanish nobility. Some circulars have been received in this country, but have met with few or no responses. When an American wants to buy a title these days he is mighty particular as to the quality and buys it in the open market after a careful examination of the goods. Not so a European, who will take any old title which he can buy and be thankful. The enterprising Paris broker offers the title of baron, viscount or count at prices ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 and declares that the letters patent conferring the title should be attested legally by the Spanish government.

**Discouraged.** "You used to be something of an altruist," said the friend. "Yes," answered Willie Washington. "I was a Theosophist for a while, too. But I had to give up. I've tried being a whole lot of things, but I never got far enough along to find out what the names by which they are called actually meant."—Washington Star.

**In China.** First Statesman—Then we have agreed to the demands of the powers? Second Statesman—Yes. The next question is how shall we avoid complying with them?—Puck.

**Monte Carlo.** The Van Buren has a constant war on its hands. F. W. Wurzburger's department store, occupying the entire five-story Grinnell block in Grand Rapids, was damaged \$25,000 by fire.

**Samuel Leveque,** a stage driver, 70 years of age, was found frozen to death, three miles east of Philadelphia. He was a pioneer resident of Monmouth County. Rumors are again in circulation in Calhoun County that renewed efforts will be made by Battle Creek to secure the removal of the county seat thence from Marshall.

**At Bancroft.** While engaged in the act of taking a piece of clothing from a cleaner in the mill of R. R. Hupf & Son, Calvin Cole lost his right hand, which was sawed off.

**By an explosion of dust** the bark mill at the Oberlin tannery was set on fire. The building was damaged \$2,500 worth. A workman named Williams was badly burned about the face, neck and arms.

**Balsac Conrad of Richfield** is dead. He was about 60 years old, was born in Germany and had lived in Richfield forty-five years. He was the father of twenty-two children, nineteen of whom survive him.

**The Grand Rapids papers** say that the necessary capital has all been secured for the construction of a best sugar factory in that city if the farmers of the neighborhood will grow the required amount of beets.

**W. J. Tunstead's hardware store** at Oxford was broken into and the safe rifled of about \$100 in cash. Suspicion fell upon one Craig, a former wayward youth of the village. He was taken to Rochester and arrested. All the money stolen was recovered save \$4 or \$5.

**Superstitions** woodland have deserted a lumber camp near Brooks. Recently a man died in the camp. He was under the influence of liquor when he retired, and really died of alcoholism during the night. His partner in the bunk did not know of the death until next morning. The men have all left the camp and will not return.

**It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.** The South African war has created such a demand for horses that Sanilac County farmers are selling all they can spare at \$80 to \$100 apiece, a big advance over prices of the past few years.

**Mamie Cummings, an Iron Mountain girl,** who had been ill for some time, was finally given up by the doctors, and apparently passed away. The undertaker was notified, but before he responded the girl opened her eyes and asked for water. She is now able to sit up and seems to be as well as ever.

**Galusha's record of the past year** enables it to rank well up in the list of the bustling villages of Michigan. Within twelve months the village has secured an electric railroad, electric lights and a new hotel, and now has \$1,005 in the treasury and is out of debt.

**The University of Michigan** is again victorious in debate. After a hard-fought contest the Wolverine debaters administered a third consecutive defeat to the team from the University of Pennsylvania. The victory is also the ninth consecutive one in intercollegiate debates. Out of fourteen such debates Michigan has lost two to Northwestern and one to Chicago.

## MIRROR OF MICHIGAN

FAITHFUL RECOUNTING OF HER LATEST NEWS.

Check Swindler Operates at Grand Rapids—Autograph Letter of Washington Found—Motor Works Wrecked—Snashup at Bark River.

The bogus check man is working Grand Rapids again and his work bears all the polish of the old-time professional. In tendering a check for \$15 on the Fourth National Bank for the payment of a \$80 trunk, he received \$15 in cash as change from Paul Effort. He worked the Singer Sewing Machine Co. for \$5 change from a \$15 check offered to cash for the first \$10 payment on a machine. In an art goods store he bought a \$100 rug and gave in payment a check for \$175 signed by "W. J. Tunstead, N. Y. City." He took the \$15 change, and left the rug to be sent up on Horton avenue. The same game was worked several times and the police have a good description of the offender. When the articles were delivered at the Horton avenue residence the checkbook was discovered. No one there had ordered the goods and he had no account at the Fourth.

**Find a Washington Letter.** An autograph letter of George Washington, dated 1776, was found among the papers of a wreck at the Bryant paper mill at Kalamazoo. It was written to Captain James Jamieson, a New York merchant, asking for boat freight rates on a quantity of flour. Two copies of the Federal Gazette and Baltimore Advertiser over 100 years old and an autograph letter of Robert Morris to Philadelphia dated in 1787, were also found. The waste paper came from Philadelphia.

**Gasoline Wrecks Factory.** The Olds mobile works, manufacturers of gas engines, automobiles and other vehicles, located at 1308 to 1318 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, was completely destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of over \$200,000. The building, which was a three-story brick structure, covered half a square block and was erected about a year ago. The plant shut down at 12 o'clock noon for half a day and the fire broke out soon afterward. Two tanks of gasoline were located in the building and it is supposed that these exploded and caused the fire.

**Work Train Hits Cars.** A work train on the Chicago and Northwestern road ran into an open switch at Bark River while running at high speed. Five were injured, Gus Anderson fatally, and twenty-five other laborers in the caboose were badly shaken. Two of the injured men were unloading a car of oats, which was struck by the engine and completely telescoped.

**Rebuild an Opera House.** Menominee residents have raised \$12,000 for rebuilding Turner Opera House. Architect Henry A. Yodler of Green Bay has drawn the plans. Work will be begun in the spring. Hennessy Bros. & Evans Company of Chicago, contractors on the Menominee federal building, will resume work March 15. The building is to be completed by Oct. 1.

**Incendiary at Champion.** The incendiary who attempted to burn several buildings at Champion, including the town hall, early in January, is at work again. A barn owned by Jacob Koski was recently destroyed and another attempt to set fire to the hall was made. The people of the town are much alarmed, as there is no fire protection.

**Within Our Borders.** Montclair County, like Van Buren, has a constant war on its hands. F. W. Wurzburger's department store, occupying the entire five-story Grinnell block in Grand Rapids, was damaged \$25,000 by fire.

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**The Grand Rapids papers** say that the necessary capital has all been secured for the construction of a best sugar factory in that city if the farmers of the neighborhood will grow the required amount of beets.

**W. J. Tunstead's hardware store** at Oxford was broken into and the safe rifled of about \$100 in cash. Suspicion fell upon one Craig, a former wayward youth of the village. He was taken to Rochester and arrested. All the money stolen was recovered save \$4 or \$5.

**Superstitions** woodland have deserted a lumber camp near Brooks. Recently a man died in the camp. He was under the influence of liquor when he retired, and really died of alcoholism during the night. His partner in the bunk did not know of the death until next morning. The men have all left the camp and will not return.

**It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.** The South African war has created such a demand for horses that Sanilac County farmers are selling all they can spare at \$80 to \$100 apiece, a big advance over prices of the past few years.

**Mamie Cummings, an Iron Mountain girl,** who had been ill for some time, was finally given up by the doctors, and apparently passed away. The undertaker was notified, but before he responded the girl opened her eyes and asked for water. She is now able to sit up and seems to be as well as ever.

**Galusha's record of the past year** enables it to rank well up in the list of the bustling villages of Michigan. Within twelve months the village has secured an electric railroad, electric lights and a new hotel, and now has \$1,005 in the treasury and is out of debt.

**The University of Michigan** is again victorious in debate. After a hard-fought contest the Wolverine debaters administered a third consecutive defeat to the team from the University of Pennsylvania. The victory is also the ninth consecutive one in intercollegiate debates. Out of fourteen such debates Michigan has lost two to Northwestern and one to Chicago.

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AT SEA.  
O, we go down to sea in ships—  
But Hope remains behind,  
And Love, with laughter on his lips,  
And Peace of passive mind;  
While out across the deeps of night,  
With lifted sails of prayer,  
We voyage off in quest of light,  
Nor find it anywhere.  
O, Thou, who wroughtest earth and sea,  
Yet keepst from our eyes  
The shores of an eternity  
In calm of Paradise.  
Blow back upon our foolish quest  
With all the driving rain,  
Of blinding tears and wild unrest,  
And wait us home again.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

### Sandvig and St. Xavier.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CARRIS.

When Hercules Dousman was chief factor for the Astor Company at Prairie du Chien, he used frequently to tell the story of Sandvig and St. Xavier, who were perhaps as oddly assorted a pair of friends and partners as ever got together.

They were trappers. Ole Sandvig was a flaxen-haired Norse giant, who stood six feet four in his moccasins, weighed over two hundred pounds, and had not an ounce of flesh to spare. Denis St. Xavier was a dwarf in size, black as an Indian, and bow-legged as a voyager boatman. Ole was the soul of good humor, and Denis was choleric and at times rashly abusive.

Both, however, were of undoubted courage, and more than once the hot-headed little French-Canadian was rescued from the perils of a dangerous quarrel by the prowess and vast strength of his big partner.

There had been a protracted and severe drought in the upper Mississippi country, and the smaller streams and lakes had all gone dry. Fur-bearing creatures were driven in upon the large streams, and the Mississippi itself became prime trapping-ground for gathering beaver, muskrat, mink and other pelts. As there was little snow for several winters, many of the trappers made their daily rounds upon skates, and covered a wide extent of territory.

During the last of these dry years, Sandvig and St. Xavier chose trapping-grounds some fifty miles below Prairie du Chien and above the mouth of an Iowa river. There were, as these trappers believed, no Indians wintering nearer than the villages of the Sacs and Foxes some distance away, and they put out long lines of traps without attempt at concealment.

One night in November there came a "dry freeze" which sealed the Mississippi over with glare-ice, and when, on the following day, the trappers went their rounds on skates, both were much astonished and mystified to find that every trap had been taken on each bank of the river.

When they compared experiences at night, they came to the conclusion that Indians must be lurking in the neighborhood. On the next morning they skated down the Mississippi to the mouth of the little river some miles below their shack, and there discovered traces of two canoes which had evidently broken through a thin scum of ice in making their way upstream.

Instantly the mystery of the stolen traps was solved. Indians had, early on the night of the first freeze, gathered the whole "line." In returning in their canoes, they had found the mouth of the small stream thinly covered with ice.

St. Xavier broke out in a frightful temper, and to Ole's advice that they secure aid from the trappers up the river he would not listen. What were five, six, ten piffling Indians, he asked, that two good men should fear them? Had not Baptiste Le Bon gone alone to Wahasha's Sioux village after his stolen gun, and didn't he make them give it up? Well, then!

And so the two skated on up the little river in search of the thieves. And they ran quite suddenly upon an Indian village of newly built lodges—a dozen or fifteen of them—upon a marsh island formed by an arm, or broad bayon, of the river. The lodges were of woven willow built in a marsh of tall corn-stalk grass, with closely tied bundles of which they were heavily thatched. They were protected from fires by the watercourses, and from the winds of winter by the thick fringes of willows.

The trappers boldly approached this Iowa town, walking up a narrow path where the swaying corn-stalk tops brushed Ole Sandvig's shoulders. But when, on arriving at the lodge of the chief, they found that Conkey John, a notorious Musquakie scalawag, was "head man," they abandoned all hope of immediately recovering their traps. Only the summer before, at the "prairie," St. Xavier had offended this scoundrel by telling him some emphatic truths about his dishonest career.

Nevertheless the trappers boldly entered Conkey John's teepee, and demanded their traps and peltries. Conkey John's answer was characteristic of that wily thief. The fellow had picked up, somehow, a fair smattering of English.

"Ho! You traps?" he inquired. "Heap-see-up-lieber (river). He go by last night. Him have many trap, heap must! heap skin."

The trappers knew Conkey John lied, and his shrewdly twinkling eyes betrayed his enjoyment of the situation. St. Xavier poured forth a torrent of angry threats, until Sandvig, dragging him from the lodge, compelled him to be quiet. There was nothing for it but to return to Prairie du Chien empty-handed, and the sensible Norwegian wished to make a prudent retreat from so dangerous a nest of freebooters.

A wind, which had risen that morning, had increased to a gale, and was blowing directly in their faces as the trappers put on their skates at the lower extremity of the island. Ole Sandvig cast several furtive glances behind him, and cocked his gun. When he had securely fastened his skates, the Norseman rose to peer over the

top of the waving grass. At the same moment St. Xavier's rifle cracked, and Sandvig turned to see that the angry Frenchman had fired into a thick clump of grass. Instantly Ole darted forward to smother the first tiny shoot of flame, but the wily Denis tripped him, and both men sprawled on the ice.

Before Sandvig could regain his feet, flames, blown upon by the high wind, leaped higher than his head.

"Now come!" he shouted angrily at his mate. "Ve sall bota be killed, oder ve skato mighty fast already!"

But St. Xavier could not skate at all. In the collision with Sandvig he had broken both runners. He was already unbuckling the useless skates. He looked up, grinning ruefully.

"De las' of St. Xavier," he said, "Ole, you get out of dis."

The big Norwegian glared at his audacious partner for an instant while the flames crackled and roared inland. "De onliest time," St. Xavier used to say afterward, "dat ever I see Ole Sandvig mad."

Ole wasted no words in his wrath. He flung off his greasy leather coat, cut off the sleeves and ripped them into string. Then he seized the little Frenchman, bundled him into the live package fast to his belt behind. Then, leaving both their guns upon the ice, he skated away into the teeth of the wind.

Thus helplessly dragged, St. Xavier looked back to see the Indian town already ablaze, and the helpless Musquakies, men, women, and children, running out upon the ice. Now that he had time to reflect, he doubted if, with his short legs and heavy body, he could even have skated away from those Indians. Some of them would of course cross the V-shaped peninsula between the rivers, to throw themselves across Ole's path, and others would follow directly upon his trail.

Ole was a magnificent skater, but St. Xavier knew that he was a heavy drag. He wished he had clung to his gun, and made Ole save himself.

The big Norseman bent against the fierce wind, and plied his skates with might and main. If only he might make the turn, some three or four miles distant, and get started with the wind before those Indians should cross the neck! That was Ole's sole hope of escape.

Not once did the swift skater look behind. Bent almost double, he turned curve after curve of the river, and the helpless St. Xavier slipped and slewed, and sometimes rolled over and over at his heels. A half-hour's struggle against the fierce gale, left Ole pretty well-blown when the turn came, and even then he dared not abate his tremendous exertion. He skated almost at the speed of the gale for two miles or more.

Then, on emerging from an island channel, the skater saw that his long and exhausting burst of speed had been without avail.

The fleet-footed Musquakie runners were ahead of him. Ranged across the ice-channel a score of Indians stood ready to converge their line upon any point at which he might aim. And owing to the great drought, the channel was less than a quarter of a mile in width.

At first Ole was inclined to turn back and race against the wind again. Then his shrewd eyes, running along the row of clearly outlined figures, noted that the Indians were armed, if armed at all, with their knives only. Seeing that he and St. Xavier had discarded their guns, they had themselves raced across the neck in lightest running gear; and so Sandvig, gathering his energies for a mighty burst of speed, bore down upon the left wing of the enemy. Their center and right swung about in a sliding, scrambling semicircle to close in upon him.

Instead of attempting to dodge the gathering knot in his front, Sandvig dove straight at the group. He knocked two Indians out of his path, and tore through the crowd of savages like a cannon-ball. Nevertheless, he felt an extra tug at his rope, and glancing behind, saw that an Indian was clinging to one of St. Xavier's feet.

Ole then gave himself up for lost. His speed was greatly retarded by this fresh drag, and a horde of yelling Indians were at his heels. But St. Xavier drew the sliding Indian toward him by simply doubling his legs, and then delivered a kick with his free foot, which, being well directed, rid him of his incubus.

Nevertheless, Ole, tired and breathless, was now no more than a match for the Indian runners. These were clad only in shirts and leggings, and almost as sure-footed as the skates, leaped and slid on their runners now almost as fast as the tired trapper on his steel runners.

At the end of another quarter-hour, the piffling were running like a persistent wolf-pack close upon Ole's heels. Ten or twelve of them were so close, that a single mishap would pile them, in a vengeful heap, on Ole and St. Xavier.

As for the Frenchman, he found some satisfaction in shouting defiance at the Musquakies. Having one free arm, he also flourished at them a knife which he held ready, at the last extremity, to cut the thong above his head, and thus leave Ole free to fight or save himself if he should choose.

The Indians made no answer to St. Xavier's revellings. Like the skater, they bent every energy upon winning the hotly contested race, and they were picked on by the keenest of savage incentives—the lust for revenge. When one fell forward upon all fours, as now and then happened, the fierce wind and his own impetus bore him forward until, exulting, he had regained his feet without perceptible loss of speed.

Thus the race continued; then, in turning an island, the skater caught the glimmer of an almost imperceptible line of white blisters, or ice-bubbles, a hundred yards in front of him. There, he knew, was a streak of thin ice where a swift cross-current ran round the island bars. He had already avoided several such air-holes, but now he continued straight on.

knives for a final and desperate rush when the cunning skater darted aside at a sharp angle, avoiding the ice-bubbles by a dangerous margin.

The ice cracked under him, and St. Xavier's heels actually broke through as Sandvig, quivering the wind in a mighty swoop, shot past the thin strip in a flight like that of a wheeling hawk.

The Indians saw their danger, but too late. In vain they flung themselves upon their faces or their backs in the hope to slide over the cracking ice. The foremost broke through in a twinkling, and one after another a dozen plumped into the widening breach, and floundered up to their armpits and necks in a freezing current.

St. Xavier shouted. Ole Sandvig, too, stopped at a safe distance to get his breath, and then to indulge in a great Norse roar of laughter. The pursuit was effectively checked. The stalled Musquakies had, in fact, hard enough work to save their lives. Sandvig and St. Xavier were a mile away when the last one was fished out over the bending, breaking ice.

The trappers reached Prairie du Chien that evening, and there Sandvig cut loose from his partnership with St. Xavier. He declared he would have nothing further to do with such a venturesome fool.

"Nevertheless," Dousman was wont to add, "after Denis had moped about the fort for several months, like a love-sick and disappointed squaw, the two went off together again."—Youth's Companion.

### THE INVENTOR OF TRAIN ROBBERY.

It is Said to Have Been Jack Davis, of Virginia City, Nev.

"You see that tall gray-haired man?" said a hotel proprietor, indicating a man wearing a sombrero, who was walking up and down. "Yes, the one with the scar across his face. I was on a coach in Nevada once when he stepped out of the bush and lined it up. Now he's a prosperous farmer down in San Diego county. Yes, they sent him up, but he got out after a while, and I reckon he wouldn't care to be reminded of it."

"I was living in Nevada at the time. The number of highwaymen there was surprising. One of my friends was a stage robber, but I never found it out until he was killed in the act of holding up a stage. He lived next door to me, and was a model man, so far as was known."

"The stages of Wells-Fargo & Co. were held up almost daily. One of the robbers was named Waterman. He was sent to jail, but soon got out. The Wells-Fargo people knew that he would return to the old business, so they sent for him."

"Looking for a job?" asked the superintendent. "I am," said Waterman. "Tired of the old game?" asked the official.

"I don't know as I am," Waterman replied, laughing. "It's a risky business," said the Wells-Fargo man.

"I never found it so, particularly," said the hold-up man. "Well, how would you like a steady job?" asked the other.

"That's what I'm looking for," said Waterman. And the long and short of it was that the express company engaged him at a good salary to retire, just do anything except hold up their stages.

"The plan worked well, so far as he was concerned, and was not very expensive, for his former pals thought he was an informer, and one of them soon picked a quarrel with him, and killed him."

"But there were others to take his place in the field, and the hold-ups continued just the same. One of the robbers was Jack Davis, who was a half-fellow well-met with every one in Virginia City, and for a long time he was not suspected."

"The Virginia and Truckee railroad finally reached town, and gold was shipped on the cars. But it was evidently an easy matter to hold up a train, and one night the engineer found a muzzle at his ear, and was told to slow down at a certain spot, which he did. The leader of the robbers was Davis. This was the first railroad hold-up in the country, and Davis might be called the inventor of the method, which at other times paid well."

"Davis was caught the next time he held up a train, and was sent to jail. One day after, he was released he turned up with the famous Hamilton brothers every man at the coach station, tied them up and stowed them away like sardines. When the stage came up there were two Wells-Fargo men with guns on board. One got down, suspecting nothing, when Jack grabbed him, supposing that his partner would attend to the other man. For some reason they were demoralized and ran. The second guard watched his chance and fired, and Mr. Jack Davis, the inventor of train robbery, passed in his chips."—New York Sun.

### Bill Anthony's Coolness.

"Bill" Anthony was one of the best examples that came out of the Spanish war of the man who can keep his head when others have lost theirs, says Richard Harding Davis in Everybody's Magazine. His coolly indifferent announcement to Sigsbee that the Maine was sinking, either showed a soul disciplined to the condition of an automaton, or a spirit which nothing could dismay. I once asked Captain Sigsbee if the popular version of Anthony's speech was correct. He said it was, but that Anthony did not salute him as was generally told, nor preface his speech with "I beg to report, sir." We bumped into each other in the dark," Sigsbee said, "and if he had saluted and spoken with that formality, he would have been thinking of himself and of making an effect, and not of his duty. What he really said and did is better without any of the advantages which came later."

### Medals For Golden Weddings.

The Russian government gives a golden medal to every couple that celebrates its golden or diamond wedding. Last year 614 couples received medals.



### FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

#### TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I'm twins, I guess, 'cause my ma say I'm two little girls. An' one o' me is Good little girl, an' the other'n she

Is Bad little girl as she can be. An' ma say so 'most ever' day.

An' she's the funniest ma! 'Cause when My doll won't mind, an' I 'st cry. Wy, nen my ma she sob and sigh.

An' say, "Dear Good little girl, good-by!" Bad little girl's comed here again!

Last time 'at ma act' that a-way. I cried all to mysef' awhile Out on the steps, an' nen I smile, An' get my doll all fix' in style.

An' go in where ma's at an' say: "Morning to you, mommy dear! Where's that Bad little girl wuz here?"

Bad little girl's gonied clean away. An' Good little girl's comed back to stay."—James Whitcomb Riley.

#### HOW MAISIE HAD NO BREAKFAST.

When Maisie came down to breakfast each morning she ran up to the table—What for?

Why—to see what there was for breakfast! And always there was a large bowl of porridge.

Now Maisie was not fond of porridge, but as Mamma thought that this was the best breakfast for her little girl, Maisie had to be content to eat it every day.

One morning Maisie said: "I don't like porridge, mamma."

"But it is good for my little girl," answered mamma, "and I think you are mistaken when you say you do not like it. Sometimes you like porridge, I think."

"That is when I am hungry," Maisie said, thoughtfully.

"Then you are not hungry this morning?" asked mamma.

"No," said Maisie, decidedly. "And I don't want any porridge for breakfast, today."

"Very well," said mamma. Maisie sat quiet then for a long time. But nothing else came for her breakfast. At last she said, in a very small voice:

"I didn't have any breakfast, mamma, so I'll take some porridge for my half-lunch." And mamma said, "Very well," again.

So Maisie ate some porridge for her half-lunch, as she called it, and she thought it tasted very good, indeed.

#### SOME THINGS THAT ARE SMALL.

The scientists tell us many wonderful things about the divisibility of matter; indeed, they are so wonderful that they seem incredible. They say, for example, that it would take 25,000,000 molecules of air, laid side by side, to measure an inch. And yet these molecules are susceptible of division into atoms. Divisibility does not stop there, however, for experiments recently made have shown that the atoms may be separated by electric energy into particles so small that the atoms appear very large, in comparison with them.

But even more wonderful are some of the discoveries made by means of the microscope. What do you think of animals so small that it would take 10,000,000,000 of them, all packed together, to equal a hemp seed in size? Such animals have been found in the common duck-weed.

The mineral called tripoli, used for polishing metals, marble, glass and other things, is formed of fossilized animals, and in the thirteenth part of a cubic inch of it more than 1,300,000,000 animals have been found, a whole world in itself, for that lacks only 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 of being the number of the inhabitants of the earth.

It is said that a grain of musk will diffuse a perceptible odor through a room for 20 years! It does this by filling the air with particles of its substance, that being the way in which all perfumes act, and yet so infinitesimally small are the particles that the grain of musk shows no diminution of weight at the end of the 20 years.

And there is the common and familiar thread spun by Madame Spider, which is so fine that 25,000 miles of it, enough to go around the earth, would weigh only eight ounces. And yet, fine as it is, the thread consists of a thousand filaments.

Your own body contains some of the small things of nature. Your blood, for example, is a colorless liquid, in which little red globules are floating. Every drop of it contains about a million of the globules, and they are susceptible of division into smaller globules still.

The word atom, by the way, is of Greek origin, and means "indivisible." If the scientists keep on dividing the indivisible we shall need another word in our vocabulary.

#### WHO WAS HURT?

"O, Garland! How could you be so rude?"

"I didn't want her," the little girl answered with a pout. "And so I just got rid of her. Esther is no baby; she isn't afraid to walk a mile by herself."

"I could not have believed," Mrs. Ross said, mournfully, "that my daughter could deliberately do what was both rude and unkind."

Garland kept a stiff upper lip and tried to look unconcerned; as a matter of fact she was ready to cry, and would have given a great deal to undo what an angry impulse had suggested, and bad temper had carried out.

Esther Hayden was her cousin and

her guest, and the two had gone to Plunkett's meadow to meet some other girls for an afternoon's picnic. But Garland's quick temper had been ruffled by something that Esther meant for play, and she had slipped off home, leaving the little cousin among strangers to come back alone.

"I will not send you back," said the mother, "because I do not want to give Este a disagreeable companion"; and in a few minutes Garland saw, with the phaeton whirling down the road, with nurse and baby Laura in it, in the direction of Plunkett's meadow. Our bad-tempered little girl bit her lip with vexation; a drive in the phaeton would have been no nice.

"Well! How went the picnic?" asked Mr. Ross, who had been in the city all day, and came out on the electric car just in time for tea.

"It was fine!" cried Esther, her eyes sparkling. "The meadow is the prettiest place I ever saw, Uncle, and full of violets and buttercups. I saw a soldier blackbird, too, with red epaulets, and I heard a field lark sing. I gathered these watercresses myself. It was great fun, though I was a good deal scared by a crawfish."

"Did you get acquainted with the girls?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Ross; they called me 'Essie' right off, and were as nice as anything to me. Aunt Carrie was good enough to send the phaeton for us, and we all piled in together and had a lovely drive back in the twilight."

"How about my Posie?" asked Garland's father, turning to her with questioning eyes. "Did she enjoy the picnic?"

"No," said Garland, crossly, "it was stupid."

"How about the buttercups and violets?"

"I didn't see them."

"Nor the red shouldered blackbird?"

"I didn't care for it."

Mr. Ross took out of his pocket a pretty little white and gold volume and laid it on the table. "A little bird told me—the soldier blackbird," he said, "that one of these two little girls had been badly treated today, and had had her feelings hurt. I thought I would give her a little present to make her hurt feelings well; but which of these little girls was the hurt one?"

Mr. Ross looked from Garland to Esther. Garland's face was dark and moody; Esther's was bright and fair. "I am obliged to think," little daughter, he said, "that the book is yours."

"Oh, no, father!" Garland cried, half vexed and half amused, partly ready to cry, and yet verging on laughter.

"Oh, no! I was rude and unkind to Esther, and I hope you will give her the book."

"But I didn't mind a bit!" cried the little cousin, eagerly. "I knew you would soon be pleased again, Posie, and I was having a happy time. I think it has been the very happiest picnic!" she concluded, with a sigh of contentment.

Out of the other pocket there came a second tiny white and gold volume, and two little girls had their names written in them. I do not know whether they were volumes of song or story, but I know that forever and ever they will remind two cousins of the fact that the hurtier is always the one most hurt; that unkindness is a boomerang which wounds most deeply the hand that throws it.—Elizabeth P. Allen, in Youth's Evangelist.

#### FIDDLES MADE IN GERMANY.

Place and Manner in Which the Violins of the World Are Made.

Place and Manner in Which the Violins of the World Are Made. In the village of Mittenwald, in the heart of the Bavarian highlands, live the men who manufacture the greater part of the world's supply of violins. Mittenwald has taken the place of Cremona, although it may take another 200 years before its violins can be mentioned in the same breath with those of the famous Italian town. Of the 3,800 inhabitants of the village, over 800 are exclusively occupied with the manufacture of violins, and the output reaches the incredible figure of 50,000 violins per annum. They are exported to all countries in the world, the better instruments going to England and America. One organization of makers alone exports 15,000. Each family of violin makers has its own particular trade secret—a sort of trick of the trade, handed down from father to son. Outsiders and, still more, rival makers, are not permitted into the workshop that is not their own. The people of Mittenwald have an interesting violin school, where the village boys are instructed in the general technical departments of violin building. In the hall of this building is an inscription to the following effect: "The object of this school is to instruct the scholars accepted in it in the various arts connected with the manufacture of stringed instruments, and to educate them as capable violin makers."

The course lasts three years, and embraces, in addition, the arts of drawing, singing, and playing on the violin. In the building of a violin much is left to the individuality of the builder. It is seldom that two violins are exactly alike in every particular. The villagers of Mittenwald are generally of opinion that the varnish with which an instrument is covered is of the first importance, and attribute the fine tone of the violins made by Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and others, to a secret of varnish which has evidently been lost forever. Mittenwald uses maple wood for its violins, brought from the distant forests of Dalmatia and Bosnia, and pine wood of a certain quality and resinousness found only in the neighboring forests. The old-looking violins seen in many a music shop window are not infrequently brand-new instruments from Mittenwald. The blackness and shabbiness, the rubs and scratches, the picturesque date—let us say of 1742—are often the work of the ingenious fiddle makers of this remote little village in Bavaria. "We must supply the market," they say in extenuation of this class of business; "if we do not, some one else will."—London Leisure Hour.

### GIRLS FROM OVER THE SEA.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE VARIOUS RACES WHICH COME HERE.

Number of Irish Decreasing—Italian Young Women Timid and Proud and Adverse to Soap—Good Points of Slavs and Scandinavians—Cuban Girls.

Slav, Scandinavian and Italian women are coming to this country in increasing numbers, along as well as with their families. The problem of immigration would have been more serious than it ever has been, or is likely to be, if the foreign girls who land here had not innate possibilities for becoming good American women; if they were not, in the main, industrious and honest.

Everybody knows that the Irish girls, who have formerly outnumbered as immigrants those of other nationalities, are not vicious by nature, but quite the reverse. They all have a more or less expansive goodness, with great family tendencies, which usually finds an outlet in saving a part of their wages to send back to the old country to help relatives come over and join them.

Horace Plunkett's ten years' work in building up home industries in Ireland is beginning to lessen the number of Irish girl immigrants. Home industries are thought by some to be a greater balm for Ireland's woes than home rule. With the enlarged opportunities in Erin for earning money in such occupations as poultry raising, dairying, lace-making and so on, more and more working girls are able to stay at home.

It is with the girls of other races that this country is now the most concerned. Slavs and Scandinavians are more likely to come by themselves than Italian young women. Northern blood is less timid than Latin; there is, too, a sort of childlike ignorance of evil in the Russian, Finnish, Norwegian or Lithuanian lass that is not exactly ignorance, but is quite different from the fear of the world, the flesh and the devil that inspires a good little Italian girl bent on earning her living.

It is often as trying as it is inspiring to pity to try to hold out a helping hand to an Italian maiden of a class above that of a servant in her efforts to earn a living in this country. She is pretty sure to be oppressed with a sense of her quality and unwilling to do any sort of work that she cannot boast of as worthy her non-working ancestors. She has ideas about embroidery, perhaps, and brings for inspection remarkable and impossible applied things that are as hopeless as the poetry that she tries to write in imitation of Ada Negri.

The success of that poetess of the people is not at all a healthful influence on the average northern Italian girl who wishes to earn her living. She knows how Ada Negri, a poor little schoolteacher at Monza (where King Humbert was killed), wrote poetry about her miseries until Milan went mad over her, and she became successful in all ways, learned to use soap and water like a northerner and now has a happy home in Milan and no more miseries.

But the ambitious Italian girls who come over to New York somehow do not all seem to realize that it would be just as well to begin with the soap and water. It is a kindness to almost any one of them to help them to find out that in America at least the use of soap and water are essentials of any kind of success for a girl who wishes to earn her own living, no matter in what department of industry.

Slav girls know this by instinct and practice. Swedish girls, too, are very successful in many kinds of occupations where neatness is needed. They are in demand in many kinds of personal attendance for American women, in the rubbing that doctors prescribe for convalescents, in baths, at hair-dressers' places, and in the care of children. The educated ones earn good pay in gymnasia as teachers, and in many kindred departments of work.

Russian girls of the schooled class are not yet plentiful among us, but wherever they appear they bring with them a curiously cosmopolitan power. They are invariably good linguists. The readiness with which they learn a language and the customs of a country is surprising—even to those who know them best. This is also true in a minor degree of the uneducated Russian girls who come here to go into service. A raw peasant girl from a remote province of Russian Europe, who has never seen the inside of a civilized house, according to our ideas, becomes in a year a very decent general house-worker, and "speaks United States" much better than her employers would be likely to speak her tongue after a year in her native province.

Cuban girls and young women from Porto Rico are now coming to be an appreciable element in the industrious women who defend steel for structural purposes at a time when that metal was not yet a favorite with the engineer by any means. We are all familiar with the discovery of cast iron getting stronger by tumbling in a tumbling barrel, but for all we know it is still an unsolved riddle what the conditions really are producing such effects.—Paul Kreuzpoiner, in Cassier's Magazine.

Ireland sends annually 44,000 tons of eggs—some 400,000,000 in round numbers—to England alone.

### FLAX FOR SPINNING PURPOSES.

Short Crop Causes Suggestion That it be Grown in This Country.

The scarcity of flax for spinning purposes in Europe already has excited comment, and recent advices show that there is no let-up in this respect. The scarcity is due to the poor harvest of Russia, which has fallen below last year's production to the extent of about 40 per cent, and not only that, but this flax is inferior in quality, which really makes a deficiency of nearly 60 per cent for the productive yield of yarn. In consequence of this the price of the raw material has so greatly advanced that the flax mills of Europe are not only curtailing their production by running on short time, but in many instances shutting down altogether. It is thought it will take a number of years to recover from the present deplorable condition of the flax market.

There is a professed desire to have the flax culture of America extended so that a complete dependence upon Russian culture may not be such a necessity as it is today. Although this would appear an excellent opportunity for American flax growers to turn their attention to the culture of flax for its fiber, still, when one looks into the difficulties attending this, there is no good inducement to make a change on the part of farmers, from the present system of growing flax for seed alone.

If it was certain that the present price of flax would hold where it is today, flax culture in the United States for fiber might be properly and seriously entertained and entered upon with profit. But if flax culture for fiber should be conducted in this country enough to supply the demand, prices would fall to a level that would make it comparatively unprofitable.

As a matter of fact Russia practically supplies all of the flax that is grown for fiber. None is produced in the Western Hemisphere. Of the 1,800,000,000 pounds of flax for fiber—that was grown in 1898, Russia furnished nearly seven-eighths of it. For seed the United States, the Argentine Republic and Russia furnished in that year nearly the total supply of the world; Russia more than one half of it. In the cultivation of flax for fiber there are so many objections connected with it that it is doubtful if it would ever meet with favor by the farmers of the West, where it is chiefly grown.